

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE JACKIE KENNEDY'S SECRETARY

In this final excerpt from her new book, Jackie's former personal secretary tells of Mrs. Kennedy's budget battles with J.F.K., that day in Dallas, Onassis in the White House—and the startling phone call that ended her eight-year dream job!

By Mary Barelli Gallagher,
edited by
Frances Spatz Leighton

Mary worked for Jackie from 1957 until 1964.



Back in 1953, when I first started working for Senator John F. Kennedy, I never dreamed that, four years later, I would become personal secretary to his wife, Jacqueline, for almost eight fascinating years. During that time I felt as if I were a member of the Kennedy family, sharing the warmth and goodwill of that fabulous clan. As in any family, there were the good times and the bad times, the times of affection and the times that tempers flared and angry words were spoken. But always the hurt was soon eased and the wounds healed. They were wonderful, exciting days—and I'll never forget a minute of them... especially my last year in the White House.

In particular, I will never forget January 11, 1963. As Jackie was dictating to me in her White House sitting room, she casually asked, "Mary, would you say I've done enough till now as First Lady?"

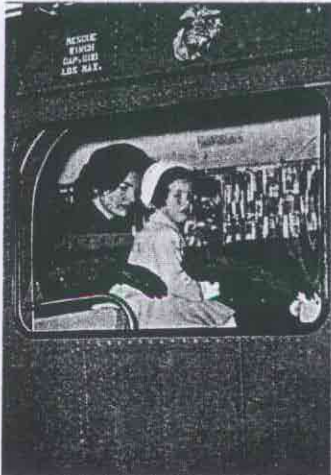
It was, of course, a leading question. I realized she must have asked it for a reason—perhaps, as her maid Providencia (Provi) Paredes and I had privately suspected, she might be pregnant.

"Yes, Jackie," I replied, "I think you have."

She seemed pleased with what was, obviously, a confirmation of her own thoughts, and immediately informed her social secretary, Tish Baldrige, "I am taking the veil!" Jackie told Tish to cut off all outside activity for January and February. She gave as her reason, however, that she did not see enough of her children and that she had done enough as First Lady.

But Jackie and her sister, Lee Radziwill, did go to Congress on January 14, 1963, to watch J.F.K. deliver his State of the Union message. The event gave me further insight into the relationship between Jackie and her sister. The morning of the 14th, Lee was reading herself in the Queen's Room, the room she usually occupied on her visits to the White House. Later, as she waited by my

Helicopters often whisked Jackie and Caroline from the White House lawn to vacation spots.



desk for Jackie, I commented on how pretty she looked.

"Oh, I don't feel it," she said. "Jackie is the one in her mink coat."

She then observed her handbag more closely, and expressed the wish for a better one. I tried again to assure her that she couldn't look nicer, but she sighed, "Oh, well, no one's ever going to notice..." I really felt sorry for her. It was tough to compete with Jackie.

That winter was, as usual, the season of budget disputes between Jackie and J.F.K. One day the President called me. In a sharp, clear voice he asked about the status of Jackie's January bills. I gave him a quick report on the phone.

The President asked a few questions, then said that he would call me later in the week to discuss them further.

On March 25 I met J.F.K. in the White House elevator. Once more he inquired about the status of Jackie's bills, and as we parted, I heard the familiar request, "Tomorrow, please send me figures for the first two months of this year as compared with the first two months of last year."

Again, it was an evening of frantic homework! The totals for January and February, 1963, indicated some improvement over the first two months of 1962.

For example, in January, 1962, Jackie's clothing purchases had added up to around \$5,000, whereas in January, 1963, they only approached \$2,000. (But, of course, Jackie was pregnant in early '63 and not buying many clothes.) As for the Food and Liquor expenses, January, 1962, showed purchases of \$7,000, which had been reduced to a little more than \$5,000 in January, 1963. Beauty Salon, however, had remained about the same—January, 1962: \$340; January, 1963: \$300. Art in January,

Upstairs in the White House, two John Kennedys.



1962, totaled \$1,600, but in January, 1963, there was no Art costs at all because, even though Jackie had received two new paintings, the President had paid for them—they were his Christmas gift to her.

Jackie's personal expenses for the first two months of 1963 had come down by more than \$12,000—to a total of about \$16,000.

The President obviously felt there was still room for improvement. When he looked at my report, he said, "Mary, I want you to show Jackie the latest Clothing figures!"

When Jackie awakened from her nap, I carried out the President's order. Jackie listened without comment, then proceeded to go over the books thoroughly. That little chore over, she left at 7:30 P.M. for another quick jaunt to New York. I knew it wouldn't be long before we'd be re-enacting this little scene again.

One afternoon in April, while Jackie was dictating, J.F.K. came into the room barefooted and wearing a terry-cloth robe. He said, "There they are—the most efficient couple in the White House!"

As he walked over to us, Jackie handed him the letter she was reading. It had to do with their summer rental of a house on Squaw Island, Cape Cod. She sweetly asked his approval for the dates she wanted to spend there. He agreed and, as even more of a favor, was about to dictate a reply to confirm the specific dates.

"Mary, would you take a letter?" he began.

But Jackie retrieved the letter from his hands, and said, "Oh, Jack, I'll dictate the letter!"

He left the room looking just a bit less chipper than when he first arrived; I felt rather sorry for him.

That same month, Jackie had discovered that the President's custom-made shirts were being mistreated by the laundry to which they were being sent. She ordered that an Oriental who knew something about shirts be brought in to do them.

Jackie arranged that the first photo taken of J.F.K. at his birthday party be with his valet, George Thomas, and her maid, Provi Paredes.



Then it was clothes again—Jackie's clothes. In a letter to her clothes scout in Paris Jackie wrote that she was really going to economize, even though a new designer the scout had found sounded fabulous. Jackie added that she was sick of going to all the old ones. She suggested that if the designer was that divine the scout could let Lee buy a suit so Jackie could borrow it anytime.

On April 5, Jackie was looking for me at 8:45 A.M. She was leaving late in the day for Palm Beach—the rush was on.

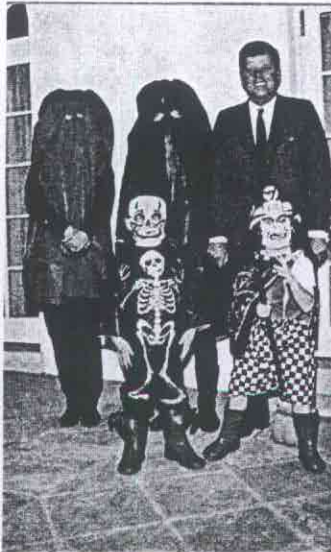
As I helped to zip up her dress and button her coat, she thanked me for my help, saying, "Get a rest while I'm gone." Three days later Jackie's Secret Service Agent Paul Landis called from Palm Beach saying Jackie wanted me down there on Wednesday, April 17. He relayed the message that I could have three or four days of rest in the sun.

The day after I arrived in Palm Beach, there was a formal announcement that Jackie was expecting a baby in August. Jackie's offer of "three or four days in the sun" had indeed proved but a mirage.

I had hardly settled back into the White House routine again when I ran into J.F.K. as he came out of the elevator on his way to his office. Just as if I'd never been away, he immediately wanted to know, "What's the situation on the bills, Mary? Send me a comparative report for the first quarter of this year and last!"

I was sorry I had used the regular elevator. Hereafter, I promised myself, when I heard the elevator's three buzzes—the signal that the President was using it—I would run the other way or use the waiters' elevator.

"Trick or treat": at Halloween, Jackie (in black), Lee Radziwill and her two children, Tony (skeleton) and Anna, posed with the President.



My entire weekend then was chalked up to the President's report, as well as to the regular itemized monthly statement for April.

The rest of the month was spent getting Atoka—the home Jackie was building on Rattlesnake Mountain in Virginia—ready for occupancy. In fact, Ray and I had forfeited our eighth wedding anniversary on April 30 so that I could supervise the big move.

On May 2, 1963, Jackie asked me to come out to Atoka. Looking chipper in her slacks, Jackie walked through the house as she checked off the notes she had made on a yellow pad. There were curtains to be hung at the windows, pictures placed on the walls, pieces of furniture to be moved from one spot to another—"Let's take this chair from here and put it there," or "Put this lamp on the table in Jack's room," or any of a thousand and one similar details.

Grouping pictures on her dining-room wall seemed of paramount importance to Jackie. As she was putting up her collection of Indian Mogul miniatures, she asked, "What do you think, Mary, do they look better as a group, or spaced apart like this?"

Frankly, I wondered a little about putting them in a dining room, since I thought them rather erotic.

On Monday, June 3, 1963, after completing Jackie's May financial statements over the weekend, I stopped at the office of J.F.K.'s secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, to leave a copy for him. Scarcely 15 minutes later the President phoned me at the Staff Mess to question the "high expenses last month!"

With the figures still fresh in my mind, I quickly suggested that he refer to the Atoka column—pointing out the extra furnishings and equipment for the new house. Then, trying to soothe him, because I realized he was very angry, I volunteered: "But, Mr. President, if you'll compare these with last May's figures, you'll see we've actually done better by about \$700!"

He said, "Well, now, take this memo to Jackie . . . Jackie: The President feels that these accounts are still too high, and would like to have you go over them again. He says we really have (continued on page 86)

After the tragedy in Dallas, Robert Kennedy and Mary (center) left the plane with Jackie.



RUSSIAN COOKING continued

apart but be careful not to break them. Bring to the boil and boil for 3 to 4 minutes. When they rise to the top they are cooked. Take them out quickly with a perforated spoon and serve on a hot dish immediately. Serves 4.

To fry *Pelemeni*, cook in boiling water or bouillon for only 2 to 3 minutes, then take out and drain. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in a pan and fry *pelemeni* till light brown. Serve hot with mustard.

Ed. Note: A large quantity for 4 by Western standards. Cut recipe in half or even fourths.

ZRAZI WITH BOILED BUCKWHEAT

[Zrazi s Kashel]

Zrazi:
2 lbs. finely ground beef (it must be ground twice)
1 medium-sized onion, put through grinder with the beef
1 cup water
1 1/2 tsp. salt
Pepper

Filling:
1 1/2 cups boiled buckwheat
Salt
1 cup sliced fried mushrooms
2 Tb. butter
2 cups sour cream

Preheat oven to 350°. Mix *zrazi* ingredients thoroughly and divide into 8 parts. Roll into balls on floured board.

Mix ingredients for filling together and divide into 8 parts. Cut each ball of meat in half and flatten to about 1/2 inch thickness, like a thin hamburger. Shape the *zrazi* in the depression of a small plate. The meat must be kept moist, so you will need to keep your hands well floured to prevent sticking. Put one-eighth of the filling in the center of one *zrazi* and cover with another *zrazi*. Join the sides together with the help of a knife. Form into round flat shape. Repeat to make 8 *zrazi*.

Heat the butter in a pan and fry the *zrazi* on both sides till brown. Put them side by side in a baking pan or oven-proof dish and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Pour the sour cream over them and leave in the oven for another 5 to 10 minutes, till the sauce starts to boil. Take them from the sauce, put on serving dish and pour sauce over. Serve hot. Serves 8.

COTTAGE CHEESE PATTIES

[Sirniki]

3/4 lb. unsalted cottage cheese
2 eggs
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla extract
Flour for dusting

Preheat oven to 350°. Blend together all the ingredients except the butter for frying and the sour cream for cooking. On a well-floured board, form mixture into round flat cakes about 1/2 inch thick, 2 to 2 1/2 inches in diameter. Be sure they are well covered with flour. Melt butter in frying pan and fry *Sirniki* on both sides until golden brown. Arrange them flat on a buttered oven-proof dish which can be brought to the table, pour sour cream over them and bake for 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Note: Unsalted cottage cheese must be used because of its dry texture.

COLD-SMOKED FISH SALAD

[Salat iz Kopchani Ribi]

1/2 lb. smoked cod or haddock
2 Tb. oil
1 Tb. ready-mixed mustard
Dash pepper

Remove skin and bones from the fish and cut into very thin slices. Carefully blend together the oil and mustard, adding the oil gradually as for making mayonnaise. Add pepper. Lightly mix together the fish, onion and sauce. Cover and leave for 2 to 3 hours. Serve in a shallow dish, decorated with sliced tomato and egg. Serves 6.

Ed. Note: For a less salty and less traditional taste, soak smoked cod or haddock in cold water for 30 minutes. Drain. Proceed as directed.

APPLE CHARLOTTE WITH EGG SAUCE

[Scharlotka i Gogol-mogol]

Charlotte:
Butter for greasing dish
16 bread slices, 4 by 4 by 1/4 in.
3 eggs
1/2 cup milk
1 Tb. sugar
3 large apples
1/2 cup raspberry jam
1/2 cup water

Sauce:
4 egg yolks
4 Tb. sugar
1 Tb. rum
Vanilla extract to taste
2 egg whites

Preheat oven to 350°. Butter an oven-proof serving dish about 8 by 8 inches. Toast the bread lightly. Beat the eggs, milk and sugar together. Peel and slice apples, mix jam with the water. Dip four slices of bread into the egg mixture and arrange on the bottom of the dish. Evenly spread one-third of the apples over them and pour one-third of the jam mixture over all. Repeat this twice, covering finally with soaked bread.

Bake in a 350° oven for 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

To make the *Gogol-mogol* sauce, blend the egg yolks with the sugar until the sugar is almost dissolved. Add the rum and vanilla. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold into the yolk mixture. Serve sauce separately. Serves 8.

FISH IN ASPIC

[Zaivnos iz Riba]

1 1/2-2 lbs. firm, fresh fish such as flounder, pike, cod
1 tsp. salt
1 bay leaf
1/2 tsp. peppercorns
1 small onion
2 1/2 cups water
1 Tb. gelatin
2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
Dill or parsley
Horseradish and Sour Cream Sauce

Scale, clean and wash the fish.

In a saucepan put the salt, bay leaf, peppercorns and onion, with 2 1/2 cups of water, and bring to a boil. Add the whole fish and boil for 10 to 15 minutes. Skin and take the flesh from the bones in small pieces.

Strain fish stock, add gelatin. Rinse a 4-cup oval mold with cold water. On the bottom arrange a pattern with one sliced hard-cooked egg, then put in the fish and pour the aspic over it slowly. Chill until the liquid is set—approximately 4 to 5 hours. Unmold, garnish with the second sliced egg and dill or parsley. Serve with horseradish and sour cream sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

Ed. Note: Fillet of fish (frozen or fresh) can be used here. Thaw if necessary. Prepare by wrapping and tying in cheesecloth. Place in 2 1/2 cups simmering, seasoned water for 8 to 10 minutes, as above.

END

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

continued from page 71

to do better than saving only \$700 per month. Show her the comparison figures . . . and, Mary, you sign the memo."

The memo was placed on Jackie's desk that afternoon.

Two days after the President's "blast," Jackie faced the "bills" situation. With my memo in hand, she remarked rather guiltily: "Gosh, I guess Jack was real-ly upset, wasn't he?"

I could only agree, adding: "Well, Jackie, I don't mind so much his being upset. It's just that I'm always in the middle."

She apologized—then, studying the figures a bit more intently, pointed out that the figures didn't even include the salaries for me, Provi (her Dominican maid) and George Thomas (the President's valet).

I hadn't grasped the significance of her remark, and asked what she meant. "Oh, you know, like afterward . . . when we move up to Boston. I hope you'll still be with us then . . ."

Early in June, Jackie asked, "Do you suppose you could arrange to come up to the Cape with me this summer? Do you think Ray [Mary Gallagher's husband] would let you?"

I told her I thought I might be able to if she'd let me bring my boys.

"Oh, yes, Mary," she said, "that would be great. I know that, with the baby due, I'll really be needing you."

A beautiful cottage at West Yarmouth, Mass., was rented for us by Mrs. Kennedy for the month of July for \$1,000. It was a 30-minute drive to Jackie's house.

Jackie apparently thrived on the privacy and seclusion the rented house on Squaw Island offered. Yet, as the days passed, I found it strange that such a young woman should enjoy such a remote and lonely spot. While she awaited the birth of her baby, Jackie rested, dictated, painted and read.

At about 11 A.M. on August 7, 1963, an alarm call came from Jackie's Secret Service agent. Jackie's baby was arriving ahead of schedule.

I rushed to the house. Jackie was descending the stairs, with her physician, Dr. Walsh.

Dr. Walsh helped her into the front seat of the car. I couldn't stand to see her going off alone. Impulsively, I asked: "Would you like me to come along?"

Her eyes brightened. "Yes," she said. "Hop in the car."

As I jumped into the back seat with Dr. Walsh, someone was shouting. It was Dr. Janet Travell, President Kennedy's physician. Standing at the doorway, she called out, "Mrs. Kennedy, would you like me to call the President?"

"No!" Jackie shouted back firmly. We arrived at the helicopter grounds about a minute before the craft had touched ground. As we waited in the car, Jackie voiced her first bit of concern.

"Dr. Walsh, you've just got to get me to the hospital on time! I don't want anything to happen to this baby," she said.

Dr. Walsh assured her, "We'll have you there in plenty of time . . ."

"This baby mustn't be born dead," Jackie continued to plead.

We boarded the helicopter and took off without delay. When we touched down at nearby Otis Air Force Base, we all got in the waiting ambulance. At the hospital, attendants were on hand at the emergency entrance. Jackie was gently raised onto a rolling cot. She did not lie down, but sat on the edge.

It was close to 1 P.M. when, finally, I was notified that "Mrs. Kennedy has given birth to a baby boy!" As far as anyone seemed to know, they were both doing well.

"Congratulations, Mr. President"

Although Jackie had not wanted to notify the President, word had reached him, of course. He appeared at the hospital shortly after 1:30 P.M.

I walked over to greet him, shook his hand and said, "Congratulations, Mr. President, I'm happy to announce that you are the father of a new baby boy!"

With a warm smile, he said: "Oh, great! Thanks, Mary." Then, in the next breath, he asked, "How's the baby? Where's Jackie right now?" I told him that she hadn't come back from the delivery room yet. At that, he took off like a flash, looking for someone to take him to her.

As the afternoon wore on, it became apparent that the baby, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, was suffering from a serious respiratory problem.

At 6 P.M. Jackie asked to see me. I was happy to see her looking so well and, with a warm hug, congratulated her on their new son. She seemed unaware of how ill the baby was, and I didn't mention it.

On August 9, my phone rang at 5:30 A.M. It was a Secret Service agent informing me of tiny Patrick's death.

In October, to help her recuperate after the loss of her baby, the President sent Jackie on a (continued)



Mediterranean cruise with Lee Radziwili and her husband aboard the *Christina*, Aristotle Onassis' yacht. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. went, too.

The day of her departure for Greece started with a little family incident. Mr. Kennedy arrived from New York to do Jackie's hair. At noon, she was to accompany J.F.K. to Union Station to greet Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Ethiopia. Just before leaving the White House, the President came to see if Jackie was ready. By this time, Kennedy had finished her hairdo and was in the sitting room on the third floor.

Soon my phone was ringing. "Mees Gallaga," Provi cried, "ees Meestair Kennedh up there?" When I said he was, Provi asked that he return to the second floor "right away!"

A half-hour later, Provi came upstairs, breathing a sigh of relief that her "Lady" had left. "Oh, Mees Gallaga," she said, rather amused, "you should 'ave been downstairs when the President' see Mess Kennedee's hair . . ." Apparently J.F.K. had taken one look at Jackie's new hairstyle and decided it was too sophisticated. He asked Kennedy to change it—with what sounded like one of his quips, "What are you trying to do . . . ruin my career?"

That night Jackie left for the Mediterranean.

Gifts from Onassis

The following month, I gave Provi a message to send to Jackie's new house one Greek rug for the President's room as well as two other large rugs that had also come from Greece.

But even before the trip to Greece, Jackie wanted Evelyn Lincoln to ask the President to bring up to the Cape with him the model whaling ships given to him by Onassis. I was also to tell Evelyn Lincoln to remind the President to write Onassis and thank him for the models.

As fate would have it, I did see Onassis once at the White House. He was among the many Kennedy friends who stopped by to comfort Jackie during the weekend of John F. Kennedy's funeral. I was in the sitting room of the family quarters, talking with Provi, when I looked up and saw Mrs. Kennedy walking down the Center Hall with a gentleman, whom I did not recognize at the time.

I asked Provi, "Who is that?" Provi seemed rather surprised that I didn't already know. "Oh, Mees Gallaga, that's Onassise, the millionaire," she said softly.

On November 14, 1963, Jackie asked me to go to Texas with her.

When I boarded Air Force One, I caught sight of Evelyn Lincoln. Instinctively, I found myself carrying out the order Jackie had given me, "Stick close to Mrs. Lincoln as though you are going along as her assistant. If anyone asks you your name, you can say, 'Mrs. Barelli.'"

To ask me to use my maiden name did not strike me as a strange request, coming as it did from Jackie, who still did not want it widely known that she had a personal secretary.

It was to be a whirlwind two-day tour, with stops in San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas.

In Houston, I had trouble getting into the hotel because of the mobs of people outside. When the elevator door opened on the eighth floor, I heard myself being paged. The President wanted to see me. As I stood before him, he looked quite annoyed.

"Mary," he began, "Jackie's in the bedroom waiting for you. She's upset over your delay in getting here. You'll just have to make arrangements to get to the hotels before we arrive. See about riding in the luggage car; it takes a different route from the motorcade and reaches the hotel first . . ."

I told him I'd be happy to do that, and I went in to Jackie's room. She was sitting on the bed, and I began to apologize. She smiled sweetly. "That's OK, Mary," she said.

The next morning, as I was entering the Presidential Suite, the man in charge of luggage asked me to get Jackie's suitcases into the hall as quickly as possible. I rushed in to pack. In Jackie's bathroom, a general state of disarray met my eyes. It was incredible that all these jars of cream, bottles of lotion and various cosmetics could be put to use for just an overnight stay.

Quickly scooping up the items, I packed Jackie's uniquely designed case that held her cosmetics and medicines. Finally, after much shifting and reshuffling, it was done. Just then Jackie asked, "Mary, where's my makeup?" The case was quickly unpacked—then later packed again.

That day, November 22, 1963, Jackie chose her shocking-pink and navy-blue suit. She seemed pleased with her appearance except that, upon looking closely into the mirror, she remarked, "One day in a campaign can age a person 30 years."

From the neat selection of gloves laid out on the dresser, she asked that I choose a pair. I handed her two spotlessly white kid gloves. Now, she was all ready to go to Dallas. During the motorcade from the airport in Dallas to the Trade Mart, where the President was scheduled to speak, my first warning that something was dreadfully wrong came when I looked out the window of the

bus in which I was riding and saw a Dallas policeman, his revolver drawn, scrambling up a grassy embankment.

Turning to Evelyn Lincoln, I said, "Something terrible must have happened. I can't see the President's car up ahead anymore . . ." But only when we reached the Trade Mart did we hear a man cry: "The President's been shot!"

The trip back to Washington on Air Force One was yet another nightmare. As we neared Washington, I stepped into Jackie's empty bedroom compartment to make a last check for any personal items that might be left behind. There, on the bed, lay one of Jackie's gloves. It was no longer spotlessly white and soft as it had been that morning; now it was completely darkened by J.F.K.'s blood—dried and stiffened to the actual shape of her hand.

It rested, ironically, on a Dallas newspaper which carried the large, bold, headline: DALLAS WELCOMES J.F.K.

Picking it up gently, I carefully wrapped it between several layers of clean tissues and gave it to Secret Service Agent Clint Hill.

Later, at Bethesda Naval Hospital, Jackie said to me, "Mary, please stay strong for just a few more days . . . I need you now more than ever."

On November 27, I was advised that Room 302 at the Executive Office Building was available for Jackie's office. The next day, Thanksgiving Day, I began moving Jackie's personal files. There was no time for tears.

Everything was in a jumbled state as we packed for Jackie's move from the White House to the Averell Harriman house in Georgetown. The biggest problem was Jackie's clothes. Special tall cartons had to be made to hold the closets full of gowns.

Then came the late President's clothing. All his suits, ties, shirts, shoes and personal effects were brought up to the third floor and put on racks and couches so that Jackie could decide what to keep and what to give away.

In the mornings I would take dictation in Jackie's bedroom at the Harriman house. She was lonely and

depressed. Weeping, she asked, "Why did Jack have to die so young? Even when you're 60, you like to know your husband is there. . . It's so hard for the children. Please, Mary, don't ever leave. Get yourself fixed for salary on my Government appropriation. Just don't leave me . . ."

About the middle of December, 1963, an interior decorator Jackie had chosen, William Baldwin, began to make trips from New York to discuss plans for Jackie's new home at 3017 N Street, across the street from the Harriman house.

By Monday, January 27, 1964, the house was livable, and Jackie and the children moved in.

Two Navy men had been dispatched on loan from the White House Staff Mess to cook for Mrs. Kennedy at her new home. They found themselves assigned the extra-curricular duties of stocking the shelves, checking supplies and listing the additional pots and pans that would be needed. They were also to arrange their hours so that one or the other would be on duty in the evening, when Jackie might be expecting guests, as well as making sure that one of them was with her on the weekends at Atoka.

Reminiscing about J.F.K.

For all of us, these first few weeks at the house were most difficult, especially when Jackie had to dig into the various cartons containing photographs, scrapbooks and many other items, forcing her to face memories of the years gone by. For a while, there wasn't a picture of J.F.K. in sight.

One morning, as she sat in my office going through a large envelope of material on J.F.K. that we had ordered by mail, she asked that I remain in the room with her. She said, "It's so much easier doing it while you're here than at night when I'm alone."

Another morning, Jackie began to reminisce about the J.F.K. days.

She remarked how Mrs. Lincoln and I had been "the first two with him—and the last." Then, she went on to suggest that Mrs. Lincoln and I arrange to talk into a tape recorder. "You can call Arthur Schlesinger," she said. "He'll get one for you. Then just talk away about all the good things you remember about Jack."

She looked up at me, and it seemed I should offer just a little something that might make her smile. I related how, when I worked for J.F.K. during his days as a senator, he had seemed so surprised about my having to quit my job to have my first baby.

Jackie smiled. "That sounds so much like Jack," she said. "I don't think he ever really understood what went with having babies."

It was not until February 10, 1964, that Jackie decided to visit her office at the Executive Office Building.

After Jackie's visit, James Sasser, who had been in charge of her official appropriations, suggested that the office be redecorated. I explained that the office was really just temporary. "As for Mrs. Kennedy's visits," I said, "they may be few and far between."

But, Mr. Sasser felt strongly that the redecoration should be done for Mrs. Kennedy's sake. He asked if I would help choose the paint color, curtains, and carpeting, which I did.

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 66-67



7370 2201 7621 7625 2179 7251

All fabrics with or without nap; all yardage for size 12.

VOGUE PATTERN NO. 7370 Misses one-piece dress, 8-18; 82. Requires 2½ yds. of 45-in. fabric.

VOGUE 2201 Misses dress and sleeveless jacket, 8-16; 82.50. Dress requires 5 yds. of 45-in. fabric. Jacket requires 2½ yds. of fabric.

VOGUE 7621 Misses blouse, 8-16; 51. Requires 2½ yds. of 45-in. fabric.

VOGUE 7625 Misses jumper, 8-16; 81.50. Requires 2½ yds. of 45-in. fabric.

VOGUE 2179 Misses dress and pants, 8-16; 82.50. Dress requires 2½ yds. of 45-in. fabric. Contrast collar and cuffs require ½ yd. of 45-in. fabric.

VOGUE 7251 Misses blouse, 8-16; 87.50. Dress requires 2½ yds. of 45-in. fabric.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PATCHWORK SKIRT: To make a 45-in. patchwork skirt similar to ours, you will need ¼ of a yard of four different prints cut in five even

crosswise sections. Arrange in a pleasant juxtaposition of color and stitch together. Gather to a ribbon waistband and hem. Buy Vogue and Butterick Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Patterns Service, P.O. Box 650, Altoona, Pa. Also available in Canada. *Calif. and Pa. residents add sales tax.

Journal Shopping Center

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL. PAGE 66: SEARS jacket available at Sears Fashion Stores; not in fall catalogue. SEARS boudoir-style pants available in fall catalogue only. CHILDRAFT coat available at Bonwit Teller, all stores; Patrice-Anne Shop, Salem, Mass.; Hess's of Allentown; Pollyanna, Akron, Ohio. HELEN LEE coat available at Saks Fifth Avenue and branches. SEARS sweater and towel pants available at Saks Fashion Stores and in fall catalogue. FIELDSTON duffels available at Martin's, Brooklyn and branches; Karm's, Washington, D.C.; Arlington, Va.; Higbee's, Cleveland. HELEN LEE dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue and branches. PAGE 69: JOSEPH LOVE jumper and shirt available at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; The Parisian, Inc., Birmingham; Young's, all stores; Meigs & Frank, Portland, Salem and Eugene; Wm. Hengeman's, Buffalo; The Hecht Co., Baltimore and Washington, D.C.; G. Fox, Hartford. B.A.R. MOPPETS dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue and branches. SEARS sweater and pants available at Sears Fashion Stores and in fall catalogue. FEIN dress available at Best & Co., N.Y.; and branches; The Parisian, Inc., Birmingham; Bon Marche, Seattle. SEARS dress available at Sears Fashion Stores and in fall catalogue.

Back in December, Jackie had suggested I fit my salary into her \$50,000 Federal appropriation. I approached her new social secretary, Nancy Tuckerman, who I was told might be in charge of arrangements. Nancy informed me that Dave Hackett—Robert Kennedy's close friend—was handling this. I told Nancy that I wanted to clarify two points. First, that my position with Mrs. Kennedy was "Personal Secretary"; and second, that I felt my working full time justified a fair annual salary of \$12,000.

A week later, I was taking the morning's dictation from Jackie. Propped up in her bed, she delved into one matter after another with ease and in her typical, methodical manner. All was normal and smooth.

Then, casually slipping her feet from the bed to the floor, Jackie walked to the bathroom and reached into the medicine cabinet for a jar of cold cream. As she applied it to her face, she began a conversation that bit me like a small bombshell!

"Oh, Mary," she said, "I under-

stand you've asked for \$12,000 on my government appropriation..."

I froze. Well over a year before, we had had a real spat when I asked for a salary increase.

"Gosh," she went on, "you know I really can't afford to pay all my help from the \$50,000—what with having to pay for the new house, and Provi, and all the other expenses. Couldn't it be the way it was before? You know, like when you came to the

house in Georgetown [before J.F.K. had been elected President] and worked two or three days each week doing only my personal things?"

Even handling only "her personal things" would certainly add up to more than just "two or three days," but I couldn't bring myself to argue.

Instead, as Jackie came over to the bed again, facing me, I could only say, "Jackie, I'm sorry you had to be troubled by all this. When you suggested

that I get myself fixed for salary on your appropriation, I thought you meant just that, and I asked for what I thought would be fair..."

She readily agreed. "Oh, yes, Mary, you've just been great! I don't know what I'd do without you..."

"Well, Jackie," I said, "I don't have the heart now to sit here and discuss my salary anymore. Let's just leave things as they are for now."

By May 1, a new (continued)

STILL LIFE

continued from page 63

two chairs away from Rose Looney. Paul was right. She wouldn't talk to strangers anymore.

She and her lover were in a speeding sports car, returning from a stolen weekend. He rounded a hairpin curve at breakneck speed; they were rushing to get Vicki home before Paul returned from a convention in Chicago. Another curve, and the steering mechanism snapped—they went over the side of the mountain, turning over slowly, slowly in the empty air.

She awoke surrounded by nuns. "Your lover is dead," they told her serenely. Vicki looked down at her left hand, at the small white circle where her wedding ring had been. "Paul?" she cried, but the nuns shook their heads gravely. Vicki tried to bring her hand to her mouth to stifle her sobs, but she could not raise her arm. A young nun began to pray aloud. Vicki was completely paralyzed.

She took the clothes from the dryers and began to fold them. She thought without regret of her lover's demise. Live fast, die young, and leave a beautiful corpse. Who had said that?

She couldn't remember names anymore. It was odd that her lover had never owned a name. Paul had a name—Paul Lockwood—and when you came to think of it, it was not a bad name either. Suddenly she wanted to see Paul, the way she wanted to see him every afternoon after not seeing him all day long.

Vicki folded a white washcloth. It looked to her like a diaper, and she thought, if I had a baby, then Paul would buy me an avocado-green washer and dryer and I could do all the laundry right in the apartment. The apartment was not so bad. Of course, there were all those steps, but Paul would carry the laundry baskets up for her.

END

You see an awful lot of television programs that look like re-runs the first time.

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"distress signal" had come to me. The two Navy stewards called. They said they had been serving as butlers and moving men, both in Georgetown and at Atoka. What discouraged them most was that they had not been able to devote any time to their studies for Navy examinations and, therefore, might miss possible promotions. They wanted to return to the White House Mess, where they could put in regular hours, spend more time with their families and, above all, work toward promotions. They both confessed that they had put in a request for transfer and hoped that I might do them the favor of making the appropriate explanation to Mrs. Kennedy.

Jackie showed no signs of recognizing that her small staff did not like being called on to provide all the services, accommodations, conveniences and comforts that she had grown so used to receiving from a much larger staff during her years at the White House. Her staff's attitude, so far as I could see, puzzled her.

Facing the bill situation

On May 19, Jackie and I started facing the bill situation for the first time since J.F.K.'s assassination.

As she glanced over the statements, one check for "Cash" caught her eye. This one, in the amount of \$90, had gone to Provi. I told her it covered "overtime" that Provi had put in at the house.

"Overtime?" Jackie asked. "Do you mean to say that for every little thing extra someone does around here, I have to pay them?"

"Yes, Jackie," I said. "That's usually the way it works. Provi's been working till late in the evenings and weekends. I felt it was justified..."

"Oh, Mary," Jackie said, "about Provi's salary... I just think \$100 is too high... I can't pay her that while I'm away for the summer months." Jackie suggested that I call Mrs. Pauwels of the employment agency to ask "what Provi could get if she worked in Washington as a top maid, free-lancing around for parties and things during the summer..."

Then, with the subject of Provi's pay still fresh in her mind, Jackie came to my salary. "And you," she said, "demanding \$12,000 salary. Why, I just can't..."

"Jackie," I interrupted, "please don't say that I've demanded anything. What I asked for was what I felt I deserved—nothing more. And so far I haven't gotten it..."

In June, Jackie again went to Cape Cod. At 8 P.M. on July 2, 1964, my home phone rang. It was Mrs. Kennedy.

After greeting me with the usual, "Hi, Mary, this is Jackie," she came to the point. "You may have already guessed, but I want you and Mrs. Lincoln to be one of the first to know that I am planning to move to New York..."

Her news came as a shock, even though Provi and I had speculated on the meaning of all her recent trips to New York. But I tried to remain cheerful. "If you think life will be easier and happier for you there, then that's where you should be. I wish you every happiness," I said.

She thanked me and mentioned the

work that would be involved in her move. I immediately assured her. "Well, you know me, I'll be right there as long as you need me."

The announcement of Jackie's move to New York appeared in the newspapers on July 7. The stories offered no enlightenment as far as my position was concerned. I was hurt and puzzled. The next morning, however, Jackie called from the Cape.

"I suppose by now you've read the newspapers about my move to New York," she said.

"Yes," I answered, "I have, but..."

"Well," she announced, "since my life is all changed now and my staff will be located in New York, I guess I really won't be needing you any more after September first..."

I was speechless!

"Mary, are you there?" she asked. I could hear her, but I could make no response. After a few seconds, I said weakly, "Oh, yes, Jackie, I'm here. But would you mind repeating that again, please? I'm not sure I understood..."

She repeated exactly what I thought I'd heard.

Finally, I mustered, "Well, Jackie, if that's your decision..."

"Oh, now, Mary," she came back, "don't get huffy..."

I explained that I didn't mean to be "huffy" at all. It was just that, after my long, close association with the Kennedys, I just didn't know what else I could possibly say.

"Yes, I know," she said a bit more understandingly, "it's all very sad. But we'll still be close, and if ever I can do anything for you, just let me know."

Actually, moving to New York had been the very least of my desires and expectations. But I had hoped and expected that, when the time would come for Jackie to announce she no longer needed me, it would be in a warm, face-to-face manner. Obviously, I had expected too much.

Then, in the final touch, Jackie asked if I would be in Washington for the summer to help her move.

"Jackie," I offered resignedly, "as I've always told you, I'll be here just as long as you need me... to the very last day."

At 9:30 A.M. on July 20, Jackie called from the Cape and, among other things, asked that I contact Mrs. Pauwels to find out if she could line up free-lance jobs for Provi's summer schedule, so that Jackie would not have to pay Provi's full salary while she was away at the Cape.

Mrs. Pauwels invited me to have lunch with her. I was reluctant to leave the White House for one of the downtown restaurants Mrs. Pauwels suggested, because Jackie frequently called me around lunchtime. So I invited Mrs. Pauwels to join me at the White House Staff Mess. She offered to take a cab, but I told her a White House driver would pick her up.

During lunch, a Navy steward brought a telephone to our table. Mrs. Kennedy was calling. "Mary," Jackie began, "are you at the Staff Mess?"

"Yes, Jackie, I am," I replied.

"And do you happen to have Mrs. Pauwels there with you?"

"Yes, Jackie, I do."

In angry tones, she proceeded to voice her displeasure. "You do not have the right to take Mrs. Pauwels to the Staff Mess with you. All you were expected to do was simply handle the discussion by telephone. That was all you were supposed to do. And, Mary, I just don't like the idea of your sending a Government car for Mrs. Pauwels. It's OK if you want to keep Mrs. Lincoln company at the Staff Mess, but that's for President Johnson's people."

I wanted to refute every point. But, as Jackie knew, I couldn't answer. I was aware that anything I said might cause Mrs. Pauwels to suspect what this conversation was all about.

Jackie kept after me. "... and Mary, getting your office all painted up," she remonstrated. "You know, I just don't like the way you're throwing your weight around!"

I was stunned.

Having said all this and more, she told me she wanted to speak to Mrs. Pauwels. When their conversation ended, Mrs. Pauwels—who realized the humiliating experience to which I had just been subjected—expressed her regrets and apologies.

When I got back to my office, I immediately contacted the switchboard operators. "Should Mrs. Kennedy call me at any time this afternoon," I instructed, "will you please tell her that I'm not available." And, for the next day, I refused Jackie's calls.

Twenty-four hours later, I relented. I was at Jackie's house in Georgetown, and I notified the operator to put Mrs. Kennedy through if she tried to reach me again. Jackie was on the line in a few minutes.

In her sweetest, softest voice, she began offering her apologies for "yesterday's blast."

"Oh, Mary, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to blast at you," she said, going

on to explain that she had been under a terrible strain; that she really hadn't meant it at all.

When she finished, I thanked her very much, telling her how much it meant to me to have her apology.

"And Jackie," I added, "the one thing I'd like to ask now is that you never speak to me that way again. I was never more hurt or humiliated."

She apologized again, asking that we just forget the whole thing.

"No, Jackie," I answered, "I'm afraid I can't let it go at that. I have to explain my side of the story." Which I did. I was particularly anxious to explain about my office.

"Jackie," I said, "I wasn't the one responsible for having my office painted at all. It was arranged by Mr. Sasser, and he did it strictly for you—not me. When he first approached me on it, I made it clear that we'd just be there temporarily, but he felt something should be done to make it more presentable for you."

By the time we finished, we were both in much better spirits. Now that things were back to normal, Jackie had a favor to ask. She wanted me to stay on until October, when her move to New York would be all completed.

As usual, I left her with the promise that I'd be there just as long as she felt she needed me.

On August 14, 1964, I received a telephone call from Tom Walsh of the Kennedys' New York office.

"Mary, would you be interested in working for Ethel Kennedy?" he asked. "Her secretary is planning to leave soon."

My answer came quickly. "No, thank you, Tom," I said. "I appreciate your asking, but I'm afraid I've given just about all I possibly can for the Kennedys."

Jackie says good-bye

On Thursday, September 10, 1964, Jackie called. She wanted to say good-bye—and tell me she was sending me a gift. She sounded nostalgic.

I was grateful for her thoughtfulness in calling. I realized this, perhaps, was the easiest, least heart-breaking way to say good-bye. I still remember her words: "This is so sad; but we've had so many happy times together. I do hope you'll remember those and not the sad things."

Jackie's gift arrived the next day. There, in a small black velvet case, was an exquisite round gold brooch with many turquoise chips. It was so lovely and so very precious for what it represented. The accompanying message, on a white card, edged in black, embossed with the Kennedy crest, read:

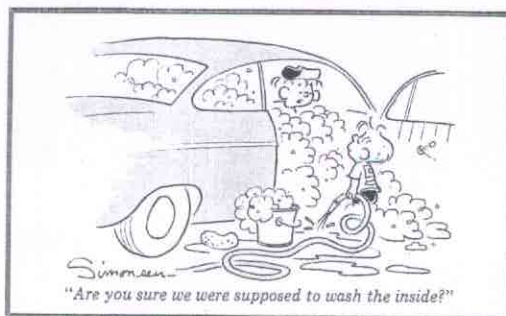
September, 1964

For dear Mary—
Please accept this with memories of so many happy days—and my deepest affection always—
Jackie

When I was a child, I never dreamed I would work at the White House, walk with Presidents, and be on a first-name basis with a First Lady of the United States.

Jackie Kennedy was like a sister to me, and neither time nor distance can erase the memories of the years we shared together. I wish her happiness and all good things. I cannot express how much she has enriched my life by letting me put one foot in Camelot.

END



"Are you sure we were supposed to wash the inside?"